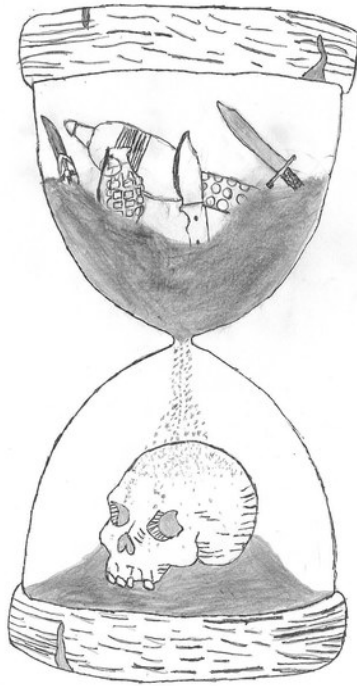


DROWNING IN TIME



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Ice Bound

By: Corbin Baly

Part 1: The Frost.

I felt a cold, brisk sensation wafting over my skin as I was under the sweltering covers in my bed, at least that's what I thought. It never really got cold in my room, it was always slightly above 70 never leaving a wintry night of cold but rather always a night of blistering heat. My eyes fluttered open to the sight of prickling ice. There was powder everywhere in sight. I myself was laying on top of snow, already numb from the chilling pricks of it. I was surrounded by a series of ivory trees in a forest, not too dense yet not too thin to see my way out. Everything I could try to think of came up blank, there was not a mite of significant brain thought coming from my head. I had no idea where I was. I mindlessly rose to my feet, forcing them to shift through the thick white powder to find something, whether that was another human, information, or even a way back to where I came from did not matter to me. All that mattered was finding the meaning of why I was there, if that even existed. As I glanced around my area, imprints of feet, not of mine but a massive paw were stamped onto the snow. Whether or not I should have followed it eluded my mind, as all common sense was being overwhelmed by the need for contact with another living being.

I mindlessly followed the tracks, still in a trance yet slowly gaining control of my own body. I suddenly stopped, seeing the tracks end at a series of rocks jutting out from one another, forming a crude series of stairs leading up the hillside.

After carelessly following what could of been deadly animals tracks, I finally regained a small amount of my thought process, enough to realize following an animal's tracks in a unknown land was idiotic.

I thought the stairs looked human-made enough for me to explore and see if there was anyone else beside me.

As I reached the top, the tracks seemed to continue again yet instead seemed to veer to the left.

"Grrr".

I bolted my head up, only to see a furred beast standing in my gaze. Cold and lifeless, yet emanating a malicious aura. It lept toward me, running while I stood in its path petrified. That was when all conscious thought flooded back into my head, giving me strength to make my way towards the crude set of steps. I believed I could make it, all I could think of was hope to escape this violent creature and make it back home. I thought even if it did catch me it would all turn out to be a dream, I'd be back in my temperate yet cozy bed away from all this frost!

Every step I took I heard the following crackle of the snow impressed by the wolf behind me and two quick movements of the wolf, imprinting the snow beneath it.

Crunch.

Crunch.

Crunch.

I frantically searched around me, following the narrow open trail through the trees to find anything! Continuing my seemingly futile escape I saw a glimpse of salvation, smoke! My body began to flood with hope, hope it was from a human campfire! My legs were empowered with a newfound energy of survival! Yet all that was dashed away when I felt a searing pain, reverberating through my whole body. As I tumbled forward I noticed the wolf had bit onto my upper hip, taking a chunk out of what was once my flesh. The pain progressively became so unbearable my head couldn't even comprehend it, voicing my baffling pain through my vocal cords yet nothing seemed to come out, as if the very air from my lungs seemed to have deserted me. As blood escaped from my wound it felt as if all color which once took hold in my body began to leak out and escape through my gaping hole leaving me pale white and on the ground, too numb to move. As the wolf sauntered over to me with the gloom of victory in its staggering blue eyes I despaired of how I would die to this wolf in a place I didn't even know nor wanted to know. How the culmination of my entire life of 14 ½ years would end up in that wolf's belly. "Yfel âgêotan ânian ðêod!" was hurled from a husky voice from down the pathway I so recently gave up on. All submission of myself was quickly rebounded with hope of survival by virtue of that man. "YYfel gêotan hlêg hysebeorðor wist scêotan fram from bêga mearcweard." The man seemed to continued, yet it seemed implied to be directed at me? I tried to grasp his facial features, yet with my blood pouring out of me by the moment I couldn't even catch his

hair color. As I maintained my gaze my consciousness slowly faded away until all I could see was frost building on my legs, as if I was being consumed.

Part 1 ½ : Melted Ice

I dove out of bed, landing with a loud *THUD* on the floor. I practically ripped off my shirt to check how bad my wound was, yet it was gone. Only leaving a slightly measurable scar in its place and leaving all the pain as a receding memory. I was baffled by this development on my previous life-threatening missing chunk in my hip. I ripped my phone off the nightstand to check the time, only to be puzzled at the fact that it was only 11:45. Sliding my phone into my pocket I instantly disregarded the idea all of it could be a dream, rather opting for the idea that I was most likely losing my marbles. I staggered to my bed only to see the massive pool of sweat remaining where I slept, practically confirming I had been going insane in my sleep. I thought of moving to my mom to talk to her, only to remember she hasn't even arrived home from her long shift at work. With my dad out of town, any outside help was dashed away, and so I decided to sleep and discuss my preludes to insanity tomorrow. I grabbed my blankets off my bed and laid them on the floor, preferring not to sleep drenched in my own sweat and closed my eyes only to feel the foreign sensation of a slight touch on my forehead, drifting me off to sleep.

Part 2: White Out

I woke up fully expecting to be covered in snow again in the middle of an unknown land yet I was awoken to comforted by warm covers, though they were far too thick and itchy to be my own.

My eyes seemed to be sewn closed, or felt as if they have had miniature weight attached specifically to blind. After a few minutes, I mustered my eyes open only to see a cozy and warm log cabin full of strange tall, built, and almost belligerent men.

“Wægn hysebeorðor twêgen... longer sleeps!.”

I understood what the man said, the last part seeming to translate itself in my head.

“Hie?” I instinctively said, somehow knowing what it meant.

“Ðêah-hwæðere can speak!” exclaimed the man fitting the role of the leader.

Each second I spent I became more aware of my situation, looking around the room seeing these strange men all next to their own beds conversing to each other.

The leader seemed to have most control over the other 3 men, looking as if he could even command many more. Sporting a thick light red beard, a very defined body, tall stature (Probably around 6'1), looking around 30, and a slightly overweight stomach yet at second glance it could be also be muscle. Most of the other men looked the same, the shortest one looking around 5'9 yet, with a nondescript face, but somehow radiated a sense of anger. The other two seemed to be twins with identical

hair and identical statures, but one seemed to considerably more well kept, as if he has lived in suburbs much longer than his twin.

"Rôðor? Are ya well boy?"

The leader seemed to repeat himself, "Yfel handlian tyglest." I stuttered out. I had been astonished I knew what to say but it sensed as if what I had said was legitimate, I felt as if I had automatically translated what I said and what everyone else has been saying.

"Oh good!" He cheered. "Good we have another deadweight to carry, like Calum over there" grumped the visibly annoyed man. "Lucky fur ye yoo're soe dwarfed soe we can carry yer deadweecht tooe Muir!" the obviously unkempt twin seemed to retort towards the now fuming man. "I only understood half of that but I oughtta bust the sense **into** you!"

"Now both of ya Muir and Calum better end this here ruffle right this instant before I break both o ya!" said the obviously imposing man quieting the room, save for the few snickers of the well kempt twin laughing at all the commotion.

"We came ere to scope out the island make sure there ain't no vikings or 'ings like that coming our way! We just wait here for more o us to come while we watch and protect this here island." The man lightened, though he kept an atmosphere of composed and disciplined men.

"Sarry bout that lad, ar you ok? We sae ya were attacked by that wolf, saved ya and look's like yer fine. "

He sympathetically asked "Thogh, you wouldn't have to worry about that look's like you've been tumbled before by that big blood stain eh?"

I looked down to notice my clothes once again soaked in blood, terrifying me to believe I my gaping wound from the wolf remained. Yet to my surprise all of the once open flesh seemed to reseal itself, but leaving the evidence of blood behind to consolidate my insanity, as if this situation didn't already have me believing I am insane.

"Excuse me, where am I?" I questioned.

"You're in the dinky old country of Scotland, located next to the jewel of the world beautiful England!" the kempt brother responded, sounding as though he meant to offend someone...

Seeming as he did, as his brother Calum and Muir were almost visibly fuming from the head at his comment. Though before anything could be done, the leader stepped in "Now Camdyn, ya may act like a dirty english but we' all know ya were born here 'nd are a rightful Scot! Now all a ya, 'member ya manners!"

He groaned, as if he's done this before. "Yes Ken" groaned the others.

They went back to what they were doing around the cabin, Ken turned to me "Sorry but you woke up right before sundown, we'll be sleeping in a little bit too. I wanted to talk to ya but we'll just have to wait till tomorrow."

"Alright, thank you though!," he nodded in agreement.

I had nothing I could do to contribute for the time being, and I already raised enough tension. The best thing was to just sleep and see what would happen next,

whether I wake up in my own bed or if back here I'll ask more questions then. As I got back under the thick furred covers of the "bed" I felt something in my pocket. I reached for the object and felt something rectangular, upon grabbing I realized I had my phone! I checked the time and it said it was still 11:45. There was no way it could be 11:45 if the sun just set, maybe I might have been traveling through time! I put that thought to rest, rather think about it the next day than get less much needed sleep, leaving that thought I released myself into sleep once again.

Part 3: The Snowstorm:

I woke up to utter darkness, and I scouted around the room to check where in the universe I had landed. The only light radiating from this pitch black was my alarm clock! Relief flooded back into me, knowing I was safe at last in my home.

Though from the growing suspicion I had that it may last much longer. All I knew is that in my "dream" or teleportation I had accidentally carried my phone along with me in my travels around the universe and it appeared in my pocket! With that thought I began to brainstorm objects I could fit with me if I were to return back there. I put on some old tunic pants and shirt from an old play I performed as a kid, and made sure to fit a sizable pocket knife under my pants. For a brief moment I felt as if I was indulging myself, acting like I should not be visiting the nearest mental care clinic and instead roleplaying to my fantasies. I quickly pushed away that thought, either that I wouldn't want to fully accept the notion that I was going insane, or the fact that I

wouldn't get mauled by a wolf in my fantasies. I got in my makeshift bed and closed my eyes, preparing for whatever would happen next.

I woke to incessant shaking from who I remembered to be Muir. "Come on get up boy!" he incessantly wailed. As I motioned up he seemed to have a desperate breath of relief, "Good! Now, there's over tree hundrad vikings over there moving their way to the church and the village! Tha other' are goin to the church an tellin them. Ya need to get to tha east' side town of the island, tell the reinforcement' when they come what's goin on!"

I vigorously but obviously panickedly nodded to his order.

"One last thing boy!" I peered at him with attention "Don't die."

We exchanged a short-lived smile before exclaiming "Now go!" I bolted out the door, looking around the frozen island and, to my relief, seeing the small town in the distance. I ran as fast as I could, with the tunic and pants I tripped more than once on my way but never lost focus.

While charging towards the eastern town I saw the numerous boats on the sea, lining up all next to each other loading off vikings and what seemed to be valkyries onto the beach. As I made it to the town I could already see the terrified villagers arming themselves with extremely crude pitchforks and knives. Yet in the distance I could see a small band of vikings sailing around the island through the broken ice, intending to land on the town!

I ran to the villagers to warn them of it and as I was approaching the makeshift gate I yelled "They're coming, the vikings are coming!," most likely because they saw

me as a young boy. They let me inside the primitive town walls, only for the seemingly town leader to exclaim, "We know, though those barbarian people will not make it to us with God's blessing on our side."

I pleaded with them, to find a safe haven around the island and hide from the vikings as "They are coming with bloodlust!" I kept exclaiming.

Every minute the viking longboat edged closer, despite being considerably slowed by the ice. While keeping my gaze on the ship out of the corner of my eye, I saw ships gathering in the distance on the shore of mainland Scotland, with men gathering on the coastline seemingly preparing to transport to the island. I was not the only one who noticed this as the townspeople began cheering and crying out of relief, believing that they have already been saved by God.

As the men seemed to begin their drive the viking longship began to speed up, pushing through the ice as if racing the men to reach the town first. "Don't you all see?! God is punishing us, look up!" Screamed a small elderly man from inside the crowd, causing all the townspeople to turn and inspect the sky. Which had coincidentally began snow, but with considerably high winds along with it. With the winds growing substantially the knights gained the speed boost needed to just barely arrive in time. "Tell them that there's vikings everywhere, the church is being evacuated and reinforcements are needed!" I screamed mindlessly into the crowd, not knowing if any of them would even comply with my request.

I once again turned and charged to the church, I needed to tell Ken and the others they were not alone! I scouted the fleeing group of monks and knights, and with

the considerable dangerously growing winds at my back. I had just barely reached the group when a body of valkyries leaped out at them with weapons in hand, catching them by surprise. One valkyrie managed to impale one of the monks with her sword, seemingly instantly killing him.

“Vér munu framganga inn einn annarr!” belted out the one that seemed to be the head valkyrie to the noticeably frightened women at her command.

They rushed towards the men, wounding another monk before meeting swords with the knights. The contact of the swords was almost deafening, the loud noises reverberating through my body dazed me, almost enough to let one of the women run to me and charge, only enough for me to barely move out of the way with a slight scrape on my side. Through the fight of me dodging and weaving through attacks, I watched as the knights I just so recently met fought to the death with these obviously frightened enemies.

As both parties seemed to tire, I heard a boisterous scream, I quickly turned my head to see “Och ye feckin` huir aam comin tae feckin` kill ye ah swea-” As his line was cut short, losing all breath from his lungs as he was impaled by the lead valkyrie. Both parties were in shock, he was the first of many casualties the knights have received against the valkyries.

Camdyn ran towards his brother, seemingly dodging and stabbing a valkyrie on his way, fueled by the rage of the death of his brother he pushed through all in his way to make his way to his brother, stabbing multiple valkyrie in the way of his path. As he reached his brother, he began to apologize for what seemed to be leaving him and not

being there. He gripped his hand of his brother, crying and begging for him to survive. He sat there next to the corpse of his once brother, finally turning around to say “ You killed my brother! I’m going to kill every last and single one of yo-”. He was as abruptly stopped as his brother, while relentlessly sobbing the valkyrie managed to surround him. Just as quickly as the breath of air left his brothers lungs, they left his. He was killed before he could even react to the movement, and his cold body flopped to the floor. The valkyries seemed to be relieved, the band of 6 would have a much easier time fighting against 3 rather than 5. Yet one of the valkyries seemed to be nervous, still frightened of the murders her allies had just committed. Enraged at his own allies and good friends deaths, Ken charged towards the nearest woman, happening upon her and violently stabbing her in the side. He then quickly turned his sights on the leader, who had just recently killed two of his dearest friends. He charged at her with all his rage and ferocity mixed, wholly impaling her while just barely failing to dodge her counterattack. Though wounded in the side, he returned and stood guard in front of the monks with me and Muir. As the valkyries slowly approached to avenger their leaders death, the men edged back to the hillside. Over the opposing hills, a large group of vikings seeming began to flood out from the hillside dissipating any hope the group of monks and knights had of survival. Looking around me I could see them praying, praying to god that they could be allowed entry into heaven for their time was near. Was my time near too? If I die here, will I really die?! I became increasingly visibly frightened, “Don’t worry my boy, God will love you and welcome you into heaven” I perfectly heard from Ken, though somehow missing an accent. I chuckled, I guess the

translation in my head was improving. The winds continually picked up and increase in ferocity, now slinging snow across the hillsides . “Odin is punishing us! We should leave, we have killed unjustly!” Yelled the wounded valkyrie to her allies. “Do you wish to reach Asgard?! If you leave now we will kill you ourselves!” Exclaimed the lead valkyrie, though cut short as the vikings rushed over to us, a loud and seeming primitive horn was blown and to the monks and knights overwhelming joy the knight reinforcements finally reached the hills of the church. The entry of the knights seemed to balance out the forces, calming and slowing down the viking’s aggressive charge towards us. Now the wind started becoming so ferocious that the snow began flying everywhere, hitting all sides of the battleground. “Tornado!!!” screamed one of the knights, I jerked to my right only to see a colossal white tornado throwing snow at unbelievable speeds. With the snow falling, I almost mistook it for a snowstorm.. The monks ran towards the army of knights, only to be shoved away as they scattered back towards their longboats to reach safety. Me, Ken, and Muir ran towards the church to reach shelter from the storm, something a few of the valkyries had also planned. Luckily, the valkyries were considerably slowed by their armor and also to be chasing the injured woman running for the church. As Ken ran for the church he noticed the recently injured valkyrie violently limping away from her allies, as if she was being hunted down. He sharply whispered “God loves us all, god please forgive me” as he picked up the severely wounded valkyrie, severely increasing the bleeding through his own wound as he ran towards the church. As we looked at the crisp white tornado the other valkyries were increasing speed, traversing quickly across the snowy hills and

reducing the distance. Muir briefly stood still, as if contemplating a decision, "Go! I'll hold them off while you get to the church!"

"No, we can still-" quickly being stopped by the last words I would hear from him ever again.

"I don't know where you're from, or maybe even when you're from! Just, don't die."

Quickly suppressing a tear for my short lived friend I promised to keep him in my memory and led on, losing pace by the second as we were dragged into the fury of the white tornado gaping behind us. I felt as if the grasp of the windy beast was growing by the minute!

Pulling us away and momentarily leaving me weightless, almost jerking and pulling me away. We reached the door nearly flying away if it weren't for the bronze handles protruding from the outside. I felt as if I were gradually losing consciousness, every step into the I took more of my vision impaired itself until all I could see was the name engraved on Ken's wooden tag, inscribing "Baly". I collapsed into the room, losing all consciousness just after slightly crumbling into the floor.

As I reached the ground, I felt as if there was snow all around my body, edging upon my frozen skin. Consuming me.

I woke up to what looked to be another average day, I violently glanced around the room I happened to appear in. I had finally returned from that nightmare to my own room! Filled with relief I ran to the kitchen to find **anybody** from my own time. To my excitement, my mother was reading the crossword in the local newspaper. Briefly

gathering myself from all the shock I uttered the only thing I could come up with,

“Mom, I had a bad dream.”.

The Saving of William

By: Eleri Williams

I wake up with sudden sharp pains running through my body and a headache that makes me feel fuzzy it passes after about a minute of feeling that way, I don't think too much of it after it goes away. I get up and drink a glass of water. I scan my apartment, it feels empty without Ava, she's out-of-town visiting her family back home in Washington, but she's coming back today. I decide to get ready for the day. When I finish brushing my teeth, I grab my keys, phone and jacket and lock the door behind me. Once I get to my car I realize I left my purse in my apartment, I leave everything in my car and run back upstairs, as I get into the elevator and press my floor I get the same sharp pains and headache that came out of nowhere just like this morning when I woke up. I can't think straight, my body aches with pains shooting up and down, I collapsed to the floor, the elevator floor is cold. Then, all of a sudden everything around me vanishes. I now feel a dry and itchy feeling under my palms, I look and now see half dead grass, the sky is gray and cloudy, but the sun was out when I got to my car, I am very confused, I see a tent with youngish women rushing around in black dresses that puff out at their waist, their hair is up in some kind of braided updo, men with thick band edges and missing limbs with crutches helping them stay up and walk. I'm now even more confused than I was before and don't know what to do I was just in the elevator I repeat over and over in my head. I manage to stand up and go into the woods right behind me to stand behind a tree I observe a little more. I guess I got a little too carried away looking and thinking about what happened that I'm not behind the tree I was just a minute ago. A woman walking sternly wearing one of those big black dresses with a white apron placed neatly on top, her dark brown hair is pulled back braided in

an updo. I watch her walk past a smaller tent with a tray I can't quite see what the tray is holding though. She turns her head and glances my way we meet eyes she looks me up and down and see my jeans and t-shirt, she frowns with fright and confusion, I get a feeling throughout my whole body that makes all my limbs tingle. My first instinct is to turn and get away before she tells anyone else or comes after me herself. I run farther into the woods. After about five minutes of running I slow down and come to a stop thinking, I am in the clear, I wait till I catch my breath. I hear twigs on the ground rustling and cracking, I look around frantic I quickly see a man in the distance resting his back on a tree trunk I freeze not knowing what to do or where I am. He yells for help, I attempt to tiptoe away, but a branch snaps and he sees me, we make eye contact, my stomach turns he seems relieved, but I'm nothing near that. He asks for help and no words come out of my mouth like someone glued my lips together, he asks again, I think he reads my face, and then says "please-I'm hurt." Without really thinking, I cautiously walk over to him, he points to his leg "I tripped and fell, but I can't walk now" I still haven't said a word, the glue on my lips is getting stronger, he looks at me, my clothes, my hair, and my face "why are you dressed like that" he asked with a look on his face like he's disgusted and confused "why are you dressed like a man?" "Aren't you a nurse?" All these questions swarm through my head. The glue breaks my lips are free, "where are we?" I say with hesitation. "South Carolina of course". "When?" I ask. "What?" he replies with his face scrunched up like he's confused. "Sorry", I close my eyes and shake my head a bit, "what year is this" I correct myself. "1861" he answers with a look on his face like he's questioning everything about me. My heart drops

immediately to the floor, my heads swarming again, but with questions about how I got here. "Who are you" he says puzzled, I don't answer mainly because I was thinking about everything that just happened and questioning myself. "Are you willing to help me?" he asks. I examine the cut on his leg it doesn't seem too bad, "yes" I manage to get out "yes, I can help your leg". "Thank you!" he says. I look in my bag and see a handkerchief and figure that would stop the bleeding. I pull it out "Why don't you look like the other nurses?" he asks. "What nurses?" I replied not really thinking. "The nurses that volunteered...to help the injured soldiers". "Soldiers for what?" then I remembered it wasn't 2018 here, it's 1861, then everything adds up in my head and just as I figure it out he answers me with the same thought "The Civil War of course". I realise that I don't have another option to get more information about what is happening, where I am and how to get home. "Can I trust you sir?". "Um yeah" he replies. "Ok you can't tell anyone this, you hear me?". "Um alright" he says looking a bit worried. "What's Your name sir?". "William", "William Johnson". "Ok William" right then and there everything just spills out of me, "My name is Emily Miller, i'm from California, but in 2018". "What's that?" He says. "What?". "2018?" he asks. "The year" I answer, I do the math real quick and say "I travelled back in time 157 years later" I say under my breath. "What?" he says once again with his face scrunched up again. "I time travelled 157 years back" I repeat louder like I was reassuring myself. "Well how did that happen?" he says with a louder voice. "I-I don't know!" I answer as I tightly secure the handkerchief around his wound, "it should heal pretty fastt-" I try to make out but I feel like I'm spinning, my head starts to throb and feel heavy, pains

shoot up and down, I close my eyes to try and stop the pain. "What is happening" William barks with fright, I don't answer because I'm paying attention to my own problems. About 15-20 seconds after feeling like that William is gone, but it's not just William it's the woods as well and just like that I'm not there anymore, but I'm in my apartment and I'm looking at Ava, her bags right beside her feet, she must have just gotten back. The expression on her face is horrified and shocked, I'm guessing she saw me reappear. "How did you do that?" Ava questions me with fear. "I'm not sure really" I say. "Wh-what happened" she asks intensely. "Ok" I let out with a breath "you better sit down for this". I tell her about everything that happened, about the first time I started to feel sick in the morning, what happened in the elevator, how a woman saw me, about William, how I helped his leg, what year it was and the fact that the Civil War was going on. Her face is shocked and she's speechless, I shake her hand for a reaction "you have to believe me" I say. "I want to, it's just a lot" Ava replies. "I know-I know, but I need help this might happen again and I can't go back looking like this" I say as I look down "I need a plan". About two hours pass, and we have both recovered, me from time traveling and her from hearing about it. We have been researching for a while now about the Civil War, what it was like, what people wear, what women wear, what women do and basically all of the details I need to know. It turns out that women either took care of their family or volunteered to be a nurse for soldiers, we decide to disguise myself as a nurse because I obviously don't have a family there. Nurses wear big black dresses typically, "that explains why they all looked like that" I say sort of to myself. "What?" Ava responds. "All of the women that I saw when I was there had

these big black dresses and a white type of apron, so i'm guessing that they were the nurses there". Later we found out that there were no formal nursing schools and nurses lacked professional training, so I thought that this would be a good way to blend in, but be out of the way. (One week later) I thought I was done with this, all the headaches, pains and time travelling back to the Civil War. It's 12:02 pm, i'm taking out the trash and a pain shoots down my body making me drop the trash bag my head screams with discomfort. It feels like i'm being tortured, it quickly stops i'm kneeling on the ground I regroup and grab the bag and get up, once I get up stair into my apartment I realize that it's not over and I need to do something about it. I find a very similar looking dress that was handmade as a model on etsy, I also find a leather satchel bag that supposedly they had then, I thought I was good until I looked down at my vans I then realized that I can't wear these there, so I look up what type of shoes they wear it turns out women wear these brown leather little ankle boots with a little heel, and they tie up in the front, I find a pair on Ebay they were about a size and a half too big and were quite expensive, but were pretty much the only ones that I found, and I didn't have another option, so I decided to go for it. (Three days later) Everything arrived earlier than I thought it would, and i'm glad it did because that night it started all over again, the pains shoot up and down and the throbs in my head pound harder, I put my hand to my head and clench my eyes Ava notices and asks "what's wrong-is it happening again?" I try to nod, but I don't think it looks like one. Thankfully I had put everything that I ordered in the leather bag sitting on my kitchen counter I grab it and clutch it in my fist, a second later my apartment is gone and so is Ava staring at me in worry and shock. I'm in the

woods now, but not too far from the tents. I quickly decide to change into my dress, apron and get everything situated before anyone sees me like this. Once I have everything on and braid my hair into an updo. I take a minute, then once I feel like i'm ready I walk out of the woods scared for my life, but I have to act normal, well normal for 1861. Once i'm out I don't really know what to do i'm just kind of standing there, then I see a similar face, it's William on the ground again off on the side of the woods. I rush over towards him, and he sees me, his reaction is shocked, "Emily?". "Yeah, it's me" I respond. He drops the expression and says "I got hurt on my leg" and points to his thigh his pants are torn and soaked with blood I see a wound under all of it. I try to help him up and then another woman dressed like everyone else rushes over to us and helps me with getting him up, she guides him to a tent, and I pretty much just follow still giving William support. When we get in, there's a tent full of wounded soldiers and nurses, it's hot and sticky in here. We lay him down on a cot and she gets something and opens it, it's a kit with metal medical tools, the case has red velvet lining the bottom, the woman took out some alcohol and some rough looking gauze that I wouldn't want on my wound. The woman starts pouring alcohol on William's leg, she notices me doing nothing, but watching and simply asks "are you new here?" with a small smile on her face. I nod back with hesitation and nervousness. She reads my face and says "my name is Anna". "Emily" I respond. "Anna" another nurse calls from across the tent "we need some help here" I hear moans from the bed the nurse was standing over. "Can you finish this up" Anna asks handing me the gauze "I have to go help some other soldiers". "Y-yes" I respond taking the gauze. " Did you just come

back?" William asks. "Yes, I just got here, how long has it been?" I ask. "About a month i'd say". "One month?" I repeat shocked. "Yeah...why?" he says. "It was one week for me" I say. "Hmmm" he says thinking "so the timings different". "I guess so" I respond as I wrap the gauze around his leg. "How do you know how to do this?" he asks. "My mom is a doctor so I know little things like this" I respond while I tie the gauze. I remember seeing a bucket full of water outside so I decide to go wash my hands, when I get outside my head feels full and throbs my legs feel like jelly once the pains shoot up and down, I see the bucket full of water, but I vanish before I can even get to it. I appear in my living room with Ava's back to me, "Ava" I say. She turns "What the-" she says. She's in the same spot as before so i'm guessing it didn't end up being that long "How long was I gone for?". "Like forty seconds." "I was actually there for about forty minutes". It's later now, and we have already finished dinner, but i'm really tired so I go to bed. I wake up the next morning feeling fine, but as the day progresses the more I feel sick and sore, I decide to go home and rest. Right as I get through the door The pains and headache start again, I see the bag with all of the stuff I use to blend in there on the floor of the living room, I leap onto it knowing I have to have it while i'm there. Once I get to it I vanish from my living room reappearing to all the tents, it's sunny out and a little warm. This time i'm not as shocked, but a little more prepared, but not with my appearance, I rush into the woods to change and braid my hair, when I look into my new, but old looking leather bag I see the new items I put in, oatmeal and a canteen. I close the bag and put it on and walk out of the woods. It's not long until one woman around my age (late twenties probably) grabs my arm and rushes me into a tent and

says “we need help, it’s a bad one” as she pulls me into a tent I see many soldiers on cots with bandages wrapped around them somewhere, receiving care or sleeping. The woman who looks like me and all the other women around here takes me to a cot with a man. I don’t see his face, except his right leg, near the calf it’s all bloody, “it was a bullet” I hear another nurse say, “the bone is shattered” Anna says while she’s inspecting the leg “were gonna have to amputate it”. That’s when I see the man’s face, but it’s not just any man I actually recognize his face, the face is William’s. William’s face reads panic and pain, some nurses open more old fashioned medical kits and take out scary tools that don’t look safe to be using on people. Anna takes out a bottle, it has a sticker on the front of it and in print says Chloroform, she pours some on a sponge then holds a cone shaped thing over his nose and mouth, and put the sponge over the top of the cone. It took about seven minutes for the chloroform to knock William out, seven minutes of unimaginable pain. Once he’s out a nurse picks up a saw from the velvet case, and hands it to Anna, she takes it and puts it to his skin right above the wound the bullet made. Just when she puts pressure and starts moving her hand back and forth I turn and close my eyes, I can’t see that, it’s too gory. I thought I was pretty good with stuff like this and not squirmy, but I would do anything to not see that. Thankfully the nurses were all too busy with William they didn’t notice me off to the side not helping. I wasn’t paying attention to the time and how long it took cause I was too afraid to look back, but when I hear nurses packing up medical kits and cleaning up I decide to face my fears and look back hoping it’s done. When I turn there’s only a few nurses left and there’s a big bandage wrapped around the stump that used to be his full

leg. It's warm and there's no chance of a breeze in here, so I decide to go outside to get some fresh air. I go around to the back of the tent where no one is, because I know there is a possibility that I might vanish again to return home. I think about how whenever I appear here it's when William is injured, and I always get sent home when he's better and taken care of, a headache that comes out of nowhere cuts off my thoughts, pains once again shoot up and down my body a few seconds later the tent is gone and I'm in my apartment living room just where I was when I left, I see my phone, and it's still on I check the time, and only a few minutes have passed here, it definitely was much longer than a few minutes. I rest for what's left of the day and fill in Ava everything that happened during dinner. It has been a quiet few days with no interruptions. It's 11:15 and I decide to go to bed. Suddenly I awake with sharp pains shooting up and down, up and down, my head is full and fuzzy, I lay there in bed holding my head like that would make it any better. I sit up remembering my bag, I stumble out of bed trying to think clearly, I see the leather bag sitting on my stool in my room, but it's lighter and isn't as full as it usually is. I remember my dress, I took it out to wash it. I run out of my room, I see Ava come out of her room "what's happening" she says groggy. I try and make it to the laundry room, but it's too late my apartment is gone, so is Ava and so is my black dress. I show up right next to a canvas tent, I'm still half asleep and not fully awake yet. It's cloudy and chilly. I walk around the tent confused a little to see what looks to be a camp site, with other smaller tents, a fire going and soldiers and some nurses around. A nurse meets my eyes she looks me up and down, she sees my loose pajama pants and my big t-shirt, my hair is messy and I don't have any shoes on. Her

face looks confused, but also scared and worried all mixed into one expression, that expression is painted onto her face. I blank out and don't move. She notifies a soldier, he then looks up at me, at my pajamas, my messy hair, his face is painted with the same expression. He looks up at the nurse and says something, but I don't wait to hear it. I'm sprinting the other way as fast as I can. I head into the woods and run, I don't even know where i'm going. I hear footsteps behind me, I take a quick glance while i'm still running to see a man running my way with a knife, or a sword, or something in between, but I don't wait to find out. I freak out even more, this has by far been the most scariest thing that has happened here to me. I pick up the pace, the sound of footsteps behind me get smaller, so I think i'm losing him, I know need to stop soon and catch my breath, I look back again, but can't see him. I think I must've lost him, so I dodge behind a tree and hold my breath. Shortly after I hear twigs and dead leaves breaking with each step, I keep my head and body still like it turned to cement. The sound of twigs and leaves get quieter to the point where I don't hear them anymore. I wait about five minutes, then I poke my head around the tree I don't see him or anyone around. I decide to walk farther from the tents to make sure i'm nowhere close to them. After awhile of walking I finally think i'm far enough and in the middle of nowhere for anyone to find me. I sit down under many trees, it's dark and getting colder, I remember I have my bags still scrunched up in my fist, the leather is wrinkled from it being in my hand for so long. I open it up and see a lot of stuff that relieve me that I forgot I even put in there. A canteen is the first thing I see, then the oatmeal, matches and a thin green blanket. I thought I had nothing in here. I want to fill my canteen, so

after walking around for twenty minutes I find a small pool of water, I fill up the canteen and get back to my mini camp site. I haven't found William yet so I don't know when i'll be going back home, so I decide to settle down. When I get back i'm about to take a sip of water when I realize that the water here probably isn't clean I spit it out. I attempt to make a fire and I've lost all my patience because it's not working nothing is catching. After what felt like one hundred years a stick catches flame. I set the canteen on top of the fire until it's boiling, then let it cool a little to drink. I put the blanket on me and try to go to sleep, but I can't it might have to do with me laying on the ground with sticks poking my back. Everything is going through my mind, if someone is going to catch me here, where is William and is he ok? I manage to fall asleep for a few hours. When I wake up my face is ice cold and my toes are numb. It's still kind of dark out, I look at my feet their bruised and have some cuts from running barefoot yesterday. I drink some hot water as much as I hate it warm, I pour the water onto the oats, I leave it for a little. When I look back at the oatmeal it's ready and I eat it up fast. I put everything back in my bag and decide to walk, because I have nothing to do. After walking for about thirty minutes I see tents through the trees, I then see a man being carried on a thin cot. When I get closer I see that it's William. I think about how getting his leg amputated just happened, but I remember that the timing is completely different. His leg is not a stump anymore, he has a wooden prosthetic leg it looks like. I try to get closer, but still be hidden. The men who were carrying him set him down just outside a canvas tent, they walk away and no one else is around. I walk out of the trees, away from my hiding place. I go over to William, when he sees me he's shocked. He

looks older. "What happened to you?" I ask when I see bloody gauze wrapped around his left foot. "Umm, a sword" he responds "it should heal soon". "How long has it been, since I last came?" I ask. "It's 1864" William responds. "Oh my god-It's been that long?". "Yeah". "I'm sorry I wasn't here to help you when you needed it" I confess. "It's Alri-" I hear William start to say, but the headache and shooting pains doesn't last very long before i'm gone, away from the tents, the cold breezy air, William, and away from the Civil War. About a month passes with not going back to the Civil War and not seeing William, It's been nice not having pains shoot up and down my body like fireworks or having a headache that takes over my thoughts, but I never know if it's going to come back and I don't want to be without my bag if it happens again. That week it starts all over again the headache and the pains like it's a routine that I haven't done in awhile. I panic because I don't have my bag and am nowhere near my apartment because this time i'm outside. It's sunny in Los Angeles and it is as well in South Carolina. I fear that i'm going to get killed this time for looking like this and not having my dress on, but I shortly realize that not a single soul is around, and that I have never been here before. I'm standing on a hill with half dead grass under my feet. I start to make my way up the hill and I see a little graveyard, when I see it i'm confused, I walk around all the gravestones when one catches my eye, the cement on this one is a darker grey and cleaner than all the others. I crouch down to read it. I soon get a wave of sadness, but also feeling relieved at the same time. It's at that moment when I knew I didn't have to worry at home anymore, it's at that moment when I knew everything would stop, it's at that moment when I read "William Johnson" carved on the cement

along with “died in the Civil War, 1865”. I don’t know what year it is was right now, but I didn’t care. When I touched his gravestone a headache fills my head and pains repeat themselves shooting up and down my body, then everything vanishes except for my memories.

The Easter Uprising

By Liam Figueroa

The first thing I could see was endless blue. I smelled the fresh scent of cold oxygen. *Where am I?* The sky. Wait, that's not right, trees don't grow in the sky. *Where am I?* I should probably get up. Oh, there's a house. I should probably check that out.

"Maybe the people inside might help me." I thought I must be somewhere around San Diego. Could be not though, it seems too cold, I've never been this cold in my hometown. The door looked old, and reused. It was faded and splintered and did not match the color of the house. I knocked on the door and waited a couple seconds. No answer, I knocked again, still no answer. I looked around and noticed that there were more houses, some were big enough to be apartments. I heard some sounds of crowds near the "big" houses. A little more walking couldn't hurt, especially in my situation. I had some idea of where I was, and I needed to know for sure if I wanted to get back to my home.

A bustling market now stood before me. Cobblestone flooring separated my feet from the ground, a welcome change. This market was full of stalls, each a little different than the next. Apples were piled high in one corner, and next to it lay wooden toys for children. I started looking for someone to ask where I was. I noticed some people speaking in a different language, wait no, that's just a heavy Irish accent. They must be foreigners. I asked around and understood everyone had accents, and the same answer, Ireland. Some people said Dublin, but that was less important than gaining my bearings. I was wondering how I got here. I asked around some more, and found out

the exact date. Ireland. Dublin. 1916. It was also a sunday, but that was beside the point. I checked my pockets for anything useful. I tried to distract myself from the underlying truth that I might not get home. I found a couple coins that looked strange enough, it might just have some value to the shopkeeper. I tried as hard as I could to mimic the accent, but I could see that the vendor saw through my lies fairly easily. I said if it was possible to buy some clothes. I already had a white buttoned shirt, so all I needed was an overcoat and pants. At least I could look the part for some time. I was low on funds that I could only buy the trousers, they were made of a peculiar green material, rough and durable. The man called it Harris tweed. I didn't have enough to buy the coat. As I was walking away, a young man called out to me and said he would buy me the coat. "*a young boy should never go without proper clothes on easter.*" he said. That was nice. But Easter he said? I guess it was close enough to easter in more modern times. I shrugged it off and took off walking down the street. I got halfway down the road when a sign caught my eye. "Henry St." orphanage. This looked like adequate lodging for most of the night. I acted like my parents had lost me, and I was to be turned to the police next morning so I could be "reunited". They took me in, but as my arrival was unexpected, I slept on the floor. The night was calm and refreshing. Choosing to sleep on the wooden floor was unwise, as I woke up with a cramp, but I was tired from the day and desperately wanted somewhere to sleep. I wondered how I was going to get home.

I woke up to the less-than pleasant sounds of gunfire and artillery. I immediately got up and ran down the hall. I threw open the door and ran out side. What I saw was not

exactly a pretty sight. The buildings that I had gazed on yesterday were destroyed. Sturdy walls were crumbling to the sheer force of explosions. Some homes were completely decimated. That one house with the door I had knocked on yesterday, was gone. Only the fiery rubble was left. I quickly ran past all of this and to the marketplace. I stopped as soon as I laid my eyes on it. Policemen were fighting against the Irish people. Dead people littered the streets. It was a warzone, and I wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible. I spied a door that was ajar, and I ran to get into it. As I started running. An artillery shell lands next to me in a house. I was showered in pieces of brick and mortar. They subsequently knock me down, and I lose my breath. It takes a couple seconds, and some hard breathing, but I manage to get back up on my feet. I run through through the house and catch my breath under the stairs. A couple of minutes pass, and a man with a gun runs in the house. He dives in the hallway, and bullets riddle the sides of the house. He scrambles to the upper floor window and fires of a few shots before the top floor of the house is destroyed by an explosive shell. I see that this place is no longer safe and I run into the garden behind the house and over the fence. I look to my left and see the edge of the forest. It's lush, green trees offer me safety from the stray bullets and explosives. As I dive into the bushes I am overcome with a feeling of queasiness. I close my eyes and I hear the gunshots fade into the distance. They are replaced with dogs barking and planes flying overhead. I smell grass and sizzling food. I open my eyes and climb out of the bush. I am in my backyard. I hear my father calling for me and I yell out to him. My journey to Ireland is done, and I think I have seen enough of it for a while.

The easter uprising of 1916 claimed more than 400 people's lives. Over 2000 people were injured severely by British forces shelling the city of Dublin.

British parliament announced southern Ireland be controlled by the Irish republic, and northern Ireland they kept for further use.

The Easter uprising was one of the most influential conflicts in the history of British rule, and further inspired influential leaders like Mahatma Gandhi to rebel against their British colonies and become a nation of its own.

The World In An Hourglass

By: Jackson Coutts

Throbbing. The only word that could come to my head, I could feel cells being separated by millions of atom-sized blades cut me apart like a tender slice of pork and then fusing me back together with a welder. I couldn't concentrate, I couldn't even open my eyes. And then, its releases from my agony. I slowly opened my eyes like after a long doze, as soon as I did something was different, I was outdoors and I could see the stars, all of them at least a hundred times more than I would normally. Thousands of questions raced through my head. Where was I? What happened? Why am I here? But for the time being, I decided that it would be better to gather my thoughts. What was I hearing? Waves of a sea, and humans I look over to see 2 men standing next to a large building that looked like a beaver dam but on land, he could hear "Tes an espada" he responded with a nod and handed a long object tightly wrapped in untanned leather. The man slowly unwrapped the item, it was a long silver incrustated iron sword. The man seemed to be provoked, he then proceeded to throw the sword into the ocean with a scoff and a dark stare. In the darkness I couldn't clearly make out there faces only their clothing, there clothing looked like something from a museum but still looked new, still, a bit traumatized from the pain I lay my head back down and drift into sleep. I saw an hourglass on a white podium in a white abyss, I picked it up out of curiosity on the top was written 6/1/2020 that was today. Was today the end of time? No time doesn't use dates as we do, I think. maybe a new hourglass will replace it, what I did know was if there was an end there was a beginning, so I flipped the hourglass over. I could feel the ground rumble as my vision began to blur, I saw the date at the bottom it read 6/1/850. Then I was jerked awake by a girl who looked to be 8 or 9 years old, I

finally mustered enough strength to stand up. As I did the girl started speaking to me but I couldn't translate, she continued to get louder and louder and one point she grabbed my shoulder and started shaking me at this point, I also started yelling except in English she then changed her language into Arabic (which I had studied due to my grandparents being Muslim) she said "do you speak a real language?" Finally being able to understand her I say "where am I" she finally stopped tugging me and responded with "Scotland", "are you from England like my mama" after a short pause she pokes at my shirt and says "your clothes are very soft and not from around here what kind of animal has skin like this?" after this comment I look to see her clothes there were the same kind that the 2 men I had seen the night before wearing, but seemed to be entirely leather. I scanned the area for any adults, none to be seen so I proposed to tell the girl "there from the skin of a plant" she looked at me with amazement as she was feeling my shirt to her face, after a second or two I began to feel uncomfortable. I began backing away when she invited me to come into town with her to meet her mom to help me get back to England, on the way to the village (which was like 5 minutes away and I could see from the beach I woke up on) she continued to ask questions and then asking another before giving me time to respond which was good I guess since I had no idea what to say to this kid. Eventually, we arrived in the village and she shows me to her mother, who doesn't seem to be the slightest bit concerned that her daughter off talking to a stranger alone. she turns and bends down to her daughter's height (about 3.8) the mother something (I couldn't understand due to the language barrier) and the same thing happened with her response. The mother looked to be about

5.11 like her daughter she was light skinned with long black hair. A difference I noticed between the two was that mother had smooth well taken care of hair while her daughter's hair looked like it hadn't been washed in a month, or longer. She then look at me with a slight bow and said in a sirius/formal tone "my name is Isabel you may call me Izzy" I tried to respond in an equally formal tone, but for someone like me my speech fell flat, but in this flat tone I say "my name is Romeo you may call me Romeo." She offered me some beef stew and water, not knowing the next time I could grab a meal I graciously accepted her offer. After questioning them for a couple minutes I had found that there was an abundance of cow, deer, and assorted rabbits and hares. Based on this info combined with the date on the hourglass I had determined I was in Scotland 850 and I knew what this time and place were known for, Vikings and on a river town no less. We were going to be victims sooner or later, I needed to tell them I didn't know them but they had the right to know "Izzy do you know what a Vik..." it was back I could feel myself being split again, after a second or so I began to scream, then it faded. My vision was still hazy, but why it was back for a few seconds. I couldn't figure it out I racked my brain for a few seconds while Izzy was helping me up from the ground. My screams attracted attention from another couple villages (4 to be exact) Who came in and started asking me things... I think I couldn't speak Gaelic. After about 30 seconds Izzy's daughter (Olivia) intervened, and once again I couldn't understand. This started to be a real problem, I needed to be able to speak with them to function normally to be able to blend in. Then it hit me why try to blend in with my current knowledge I could do whatever I wanted and knew one could stop me, compared to

them I knew the cheat codes to life. If I told them I was from the future they wouldn't believe me, what did they believe in, I think a norce or an early Christian or Jewish religion. I could pose as a prophet to warn them, I would probably not be added nor worshipped. Would they believe that though? I Decided it was worth a shot if they didn't believe I could pass it as a joke. At least I thought I could so I began my monologue "my name is Romeo Butterbeer, the English profit and I have come to warn you of.." and once again I was once again filled with burning anguish. It only took a couple of milliseconds for it to begin to dissipate. But even that put me past the breaking point And thus my monolog began, "my name is Romeo Butterbeer and I have come to warn you of the upco...." I was once again filled with anguish my concentration dropped to a point I couldn't even think of the next word I was about to say, after around a quarter of a second the torchieres pain least and I regained my composure. I could tell that whatever force dictate this pain doesn't want them to know something. I gave up there was nothing I could tell them or do to warn them. By the time I had gotten up there were looking at me again, but this time with a "Is he right in the head look" I tried not to cry. Back in my time it was always popular never really dislike by anyone, I was normally the one giving glares not really knowing their impact, but now I could feel the force. I knew that they didn't feel anything except concern for my health, but it still felt like the fragile glass ball that is my emotions was being shattered and crushed into bits by their stares. But I had to stay strong, I had to recover so they wouldn't think i'm crazy. I lifted my head as but as I could but there eyes only intensifies. At this point I couldn't handle it I began to to cry, and run. And I continued

to run until my legs ache too badly to continue. In my embarrassment I hadn't looked up while running, but I didn't care I curled up and went to sleep in my tears. Even If I went back now or this was a dream I would surely have nightmares about this for years to come. The white abyss but something was different, the podium with the hourglass was still there, but when I looked up thousands of hourglasses began pouring on my head. I could feel them but they didn't hurt at all, it was like they were grains of rice or sand. Then it made since they were sand, each one of these hourglass was 1000+ years and I was just someone standing in the grand scheme of time. Alone. In my time I was never really alone, I had my family and my friends but here I was truly alone. The hourglasses continued to pour on my head, as I continued to become more and more lonely and depressed I walked up to the podium with the single hourglass. I looked on the floor for what seemed like hours until I found what I was looking for an hourglass with the to labeled 6/2/2022 on one side and 9/1/3100 on the other. I took the hourglass and placed It on the podium replacing the previous one and I began to run and I began to wake up, but In my bed. I was back and it was the greatest and most relieving feeling. I got out of bed and basically tackled my brother out of happiness when I first saw him, for them I had been than a normal day for me, it had been both the most traumatizing and enlightening day of my life. I knew what true suffering was physically, and mentally I felt my walls had been broken down, and emotionally I could understand the pains of isolation. After what I had gone through being sad was basically impossible is such a great time with my family and my friends.

Escaping Germany

By: Aidin Weissler

“Class dismissed” the teacher announced as the the bell rang. We finally finished the second and final part of our *Kindred* time travel survival kits, then we had to read them out to the class. By the time it was done it seemed as if I was about to fall asleep at any moment I was so bored.

Then all of a sudden the room started to spin, turn and twist, then the room darkened until it became a pitch black. Then for a few minutes I floated in a nothingness no gravity to tell me which way was up and down left or right pure nothingness. Then a light appeared: thinking that it was my way out, I started to swim towards it. After a few minutes I got to it: it was a lightbulb floating there, nothing attached to it, no cables, nothing to power it and yet it was shining brightly. it reminded me of the light I had in my room and I hoped it would take me there. I touched it and the same whirling spinning twisting feeling came over me then I blacked out.

When I woke up I was sitting in snow in the forest about a hundred yards from a small town. I reached for my phone to see where I was but when I reached for it there was no more phone. In fact there was no more pocket: I reached around and realized I was in a 1920s gray style suit. I fumbled around in the snow and then I saw a puddle where the snow had melted and then froze again. I looked at my blurry weird reflection: my hair was turned to blond, and my school bag looked strange and I looked at the straps, they changed into leather. I took my bag off and to my surprise it was replaced with one that looked like it was from the 1920s. Everything from my list I read from a few minutes ago was inside.

The houses reminded me of some place that I researched. I thought for a second then it hit me: I was in Germany. I thought it was 1938 though I've no clue how I got there or why I was there. Whenever I tried to speak it came out in German.

I walked towards the town. Once I got there I decided it was too dangerous for me to walk around in the open. So I hid in the shadows of the buildings. Someone familiar, maybe a distant family member whose picture I'd seen in my father's family tree. I thought for a second, and then I remembered his name was Morris. I suddenly was aware of where I was. I came out of the shadows to get a better look. He turned his head towards me. I quickly hid behind the house. For a second I thought he spotted me when he started walking towards me. Then instead of turning the corner and discovering me, he went into the house. I pressed my ear against the wall to hear what he was saying. I could hear what sounded like some children laughing, and I heard Morris say he brought home some sort of treat. Then one of the children set up in a very happy and excited voice "*Storck!*" During my project research I think I came across this candy; I think it was some sort of caramel.

I decided I needed to make contact to be prepared in case things became hostile. I reached into my bag and found my map and if they became hostile I had a plan to go and flee through the fields and then into the forest where I emerged from.

I approached the house's door and knocked: it became quiet in the house. I waited and waited and after a few minutes I called out, "May I come in?" in German.

No answer.

I opened the door very slowly and I saw Morris sitting, reading a book. I called his name and he looked up at me startled. It was his turn to startle me when he said with complete calm, "What do you want? Why are you here?"

Trying to not enrage him more, I said, "I need to talk to you." He said, "Follow me," and we went into a back room.

He startled me again: "You know it's quite rude boy to come into someone's house and demand to speak with someone."

Surprisingly, I responded "Sorry sir, I didn't mean to be so rude."

"So what do you want," he said, and started to drink some tea he brought with him when we went into the back room.

I stood there for a second in shock that he was willing to listen to what would seem like insanity. "Sir, we need to leave. This town is about to turn into chaos, and the Jewish homes are about to be destroyed and everyone in it too. It might seem ridiculous, but it's true."

Like a cartoon he spat out his tea. He started to crack up. then he pushed me out of the room and then shuffled me out the door saying, "A word of advice: stay out of your father's liquor cabinet."

Still continuing to laugh at my seemingly outlandish remark, I realize that talking to me wouldn't work. I asked, "What is today's date?" and with tears of laughter rolling down his face then he suddenly stopped.

He said, "It's November 8th. Why?" he asked, puzzled.

"No reason," I said.

I decided to wait until the next day to try to help them escape the chaos of Kristallnacht, so I went across the field and back into the forest. Remembering what was in my pack, I pulled out my blanket because I was cold, and before I noticed I was asleep.

I woke up and for a second I hoped yesterday's events were merely a bad dream. I stood up and shook off the snow that fell while I was asleep, then folded up my blanket and packed it away. It was right before dawn.

Using the cover of darkness, I crept back into town: it must have been one or two in the morning. Then I heard them: two or three platoons of Nazi, all armed, and there was a group of people waiting for them. I thought for a second they were there to oppose the Nazis then I realized they were carrying Nazi Flags and other Nazi symbols. I snuck back behind Morris's house, unsheathed my knife, and used it to wiggle the pins out of the hinges. As I entered, Morris's wife almost screamed, and I covered her mouth and Morris's too.

I said very quietly, "You guys need to keep it down, there are at least two or three platoons of Nazi soldiers at the Town Square."

I then slowly removed my hands from their mouths hoping that they weren't going to scream. Morris started packing up his stuff and told his wife to go wake the kids. After a few minutes they had packed up with their essential possessions and we snuck out the back door together.

I said quietly, "Now all we have to do is run through the field and get into the forest where we will be safe for a bit. We kept on moving; we were just about to move into the field, but it was beginning to get brighter.

Then we heard a couple of the people scream, "Stop them! Stop! Shoot them!"

We ran quickly; as we reached about halfway through the field they started to open fire on us. As we neared the forest, only a couple feet to go, Morris's wife dropped her bag and as she reached to pick it up, the Nazis closed the distance. They were close enough to shoot her, and she got hit in the left shoulder, screaming in pain and keeling over.

I picked her up along with the bag and dragged her out of range of their fire. We continued on into the forest for probably four miles then we stopped. I found a large rock and had Morris's wife sit down. I took out the first aid kit, and grabbed the medical forceps, antiseptic wipes, and gloves. I grabbed a stick and had her bite down on it because this was going to hurt, and I didn't want for her to break her teeth. First, I wiped in the wound with some antiseptic cloth, and she winced. Then I took the forceps and said hold still. I reached in and pulled the bullet. It stopped at the shoulder blade luckily, because of how far away we were when she was hit. She winced again, and broke the stick in her mouth. I placed the bullet on the first aid kit's lid. Then I found a thicker stick so that it would not break again and then pulled out the thread and a needle. I wiped away some of the blood and flushed the wound with some of the water I collected from a stream that was nearby and that I passed through my life straw to make sure it was clean. Then I started to stitch the bullet hole closed. I bandaged up the hole and made a sling using a shirt and some of the paracord I had in the bag. I put away the first aid kit and we continued on until it was dark.

We set up camp: I took my blanket and used some of the Paracord to make a makeshift tent of sorts. I took out my folding shovel and made a small cylindrical pit then I looked around for a bit and found some small dry twigs and leaves. Then I took out my rope lighter and started a fire. After I got a flame I put it into the pit then I instructed the two children to add more sticks when the fire got low, while Morris and I went to get bigger sticks that would burn through the night. With my large knife using heavy blows I cut down two bundles of branches from a dead tree. I added some of the larger logs to the fire until we had a consistent flame.

Then through the night we took turns adding logs and keeping an eye out for any Nazis that might have followed us. I took the last shift and once everyone woke up I extinguished the fire and gave each of us a piece of the food brick that I had cut to look like a cracker and then had everyone drink the water that was filtered through the water purifier from the stream. I refilled the bottle and while we sat there deciding where we were going next, Morris and I spoke for the first time since we left the town.

“Who are you?” he asked, puzzled.

“I am a relative...” I say, remembering my fake papers with my fake name on them. Then it was my turn to ask the questions, “What are your children and wife's names?”

He walked over to his wife, who was watching the children, and said, “This is Gita.”

He walked over to his two sons and pointed to the tall one and said, “This is Jacob.”

Jacob said, "Thank you for everything you've done."

I replied, "We're not out of trouble yet. We still need to get to the port to get you to the U.S.A."

I finished packing up my blanket and the rope.

We continued on for a couple more miles then we ran into trouble when we stumbled upon a Nazi Outpost. Unfortunately the map did not warn me of this. We needed to quickly hide behind the trees, though one of them spotted the movement and sent some others to investigate. I reached into my bag and pulled out my Glock 26 and loaded the magazine. Instead of sitting around like fish in a barrel we started to run: they started shooting but we continued on I returned fire killing the tower guard and one of the soldiers who came out to investigate. Then I saw a solution to our dire situation: there were two motorcycles, one with a side car parked next to the Nazis' other vehicles. We hastily ran over and hopped on. Surprisingly for such old style motorcycles they started up with great ease. Gita hopped on Morris's bike and the two boys hopped on mine. We started off down the road and to make sure that they didn't follow us I popped the tires of their trucks and motorcycles with two shots to every tire.

After traveling for a couple of miles, we pulled over to the side of the road and I pulled out the map quickly.

"There's good news and bad news," I announced. "The good news is that this road goes towards Poland, and the bad news is that the road turns and ends about 50 miles away from the border."

We continued on riding for the rest of the day until it was completely dark. Then we got off the bikes and walked with them into the forest for about 500 feet. After we pulled the kickstands out and used the bikes as a sort of wind barrier, I hung the blanket over. Luckily the night wasn't cold enough to need a fire, even though we couldn't make one.

I woke up to the sound of a couple Nazi trucks speeding by. I sneaked out in the blankets and armed myself with my Glock 26. For a second, one of the trucks stopped a couple hundred feet from where we had entered the forest and a couple of the soldiers hopped out. They looked around, but no one saw us through the trees, so they climbed back in the trucks and continued on.

I breathed a sigh of relief that they left, and woke up Morris and Gita. Then I woke up the two kids. We hid there for another hour trying to figure out how to get across the border, and drinking the water I brought and another breakfast of the food ration brick crackers that I brought.

Then I gave Gita some of the painkillers to help with the pain from being shot. I pulled out my Glock and refilled the magazine, which I had a completely used during our encounter with the Nazis.

We went back onto the road with our bikes and then continued. After almost two full days of riding we got to where the road curved off. We got off the bikes and to be safe we took the handlebars from the bikes so that nobody could take the bikes and use them to chase after us. Then we continued on for about 10 miles and made camp because we all felt as if we were about to collapse. We could not have a fire because of

the chance of the Nazis finding us. After waking up we all ate some more of the food brick and finished off the water then I filled the bottle with some of the snow that was still on the ground and put it in the bottle in the bag. We continued on for at least 7 miles and then took a break. After resting for 5 minutes we continued on for at least 9 more miles. We set up camp again and we made a small fire using some of the firewood which I took from the dead tree from our first camp. I placed the water bottle near the fire and warmed it up until the snow melted and I added more until the bottle was full of water. I gave everyone some water and it melted it some more the snow after we finished it until we filled the bottle I extinguished the fire after everything was set up and we went to to sleep.

After eating breakfast and drinking some water we continued on our travel. For the next couple of days we traveled over 25 miles until we found a small town. I pulled out my map again to figure out which town it was. After a couple minutes of searching and using the mountains that were in the distance as reference points I figured it out: we were right outside the town of Isar. Once we reached the border of the town, where the trees around it, we reached an open-field. We stopped to take another look at the town now that we were closer. Though we were far enough to see the edges. There were at least two or three central areas with at least 20 to 30 homes and an area full of shops. Seeing our food rations were close to depleted, we decided to head into the shop area. Knowing that we will need things with lots of calories for sustenance, I decided that bread and preserves would be the best thing to buy: the preserves had high sugar levels to keep our blood sugar levels up at the correct amount and the bread had quite a

bit of carbohydrates in it. After buying the bread and preserves we continued on to a small market,. We split up into groups: Gita and the kids went to get oil to cook with while Morris and I got some flour. Afterwards we met at the front of the store and paid. Then we headed back to one of the central areas in the town with a magnificent fountain. I pulled out my knife and we used it to spread some of the preserves on some of the bread.

After finishing we sat down and relaxed, as for now we needed to have a little bit of time off our feet because after traveling such a long distance we needed to rest. We had to track through thick forests and long roads to get to a port in Poland. We spent the rest of the day enjoying it the middle of town and mostly staying off our feet because after nightfall we had to leave forever, crossing the border using the cover of night.

Once nightfall came we put back on our bags and continued. Using the darkness we crept to the border, though as we reached the fence we hear a soldier shout, "Kto tam!" which I think means "Who is there?" then I saw him signal over some other soldiers to follow.

They started to get closer then I hear another one say, "Hands up." He had snuck around us while we were focused on the group of guards in front. I quickly raised my hand in fear of the large rifle pointed at me. I dropped the Glock in my hand, and it misfired barely grazing the tree next to one of the men. The rest of the soldiers came around to with a hole in one of their hats from my gun. They walked us for about 2 miles

around a mile in we went threw the fence to a small outpost were they put us in handcuffs and hammered a chain attaching to them into a tree near the fire.

We spent the night there and before morning I woke up because of the frigid air. Carefully to make sure that I would not wake anyone I laid down and using my legs reached for my backpack. It was just out of reach, almost there. I needed to do something to get myself so little bit closer. Ten to fifteen minutes later I finally got it. I pulled the bag close to me, and using the fishing hooks inside, I unlocked the cuffs.

Afterwards to avoid the hassle and chance of breaking the cuff so they couldn't open up, I crept towards one of the guards. Hoping that he would stay asleep because of his extraordinarily loud snoring, I reached and grabbed his keys though I could not get the loop they were on off this belt. So one by one I removed them and tried them in my cuffs. We needed to be out of there and across the border before morning and before everyone else woke up. After going through close to twenty keys, the cuff swung open. I found the key and woke up everyone up, and made sure they didn't make a sound. We gathered our belongings, and I grabbed one of the soldier's outfits and the rest of the keys.

We continued on after getting to the fence. I peeled back the clamps that were holding it onto the pole and bent the fence so we could slip through, and I reclosed the clamps. We continued on until probably mid-day. Everyone was doing fine except for one of the boys who developed a severe fever and was burning up. So I gave him some ibuprofen from my pack, and after a bit he felt good enough to continue. We probably

got twenty feet through the dense bush when we found a military transport the soldiers that got us probably were using to patrol.

I pulled out the car key and put it into the door. Click. The latch released . I put on the uniform, and we all piled in following the road we ended up at a town and out front there was a big with the words: Szczecin. I pulled out the map. We were going in the right direction.

I parked the car in a clearing just big enough to fit the car and conceal it. We all got out and I instructed Morris to go to the jeweler of this town and bargain with him to buy the silver. I took out the coins and told Gita to take a smooth rock and flatten out the coins faces so they were just disk. After getting back into my clothing the boys and I went to get some food. The boys and I went into the market area and were instantly drawn towards a bakery shop with the heavenly smell of fresh baked bread leaking out. Using some of the money we got some bread and 5 small chocolate bars. And filled our canteens and bottles.

Afterward we went back to the truck. I took out the preserves we bought earlier and the bread. Using my knife, I cut it up and served it. Pulling out some wood in the truck and lighting it with my lighter we cooked mixed up the flour and water with the oil to make pita bread. I took off the lid of the first aid kit and put it on the fire and water a bit for it to heat up. To keep it from sticking I poured some oil into the pan it gave of a loud pop slowly we cooked the pita in the lid and put it away. Afterward we used the snow around to put out the fire and cool the “pan”. Following the road signs we went started out for Kolobrzeg.

After an hour of travel we stalled and rolled to a stop looking at the dashboard. I found our problem. I had run out of gas. Luckily, we had two cans of the precious liquid on the outside of the truck. I hopped out and found the fuel tank filling port. Taking down the jerry can, I shook it. Frozen.

After some muttered cursing I sat down on the back bumper. After a few minutes of thinking, Morris had an idea. He reached into the back of the truck and pulled out a bottle of vodka. Then he poured the warm alcohol down into the cans. After a bit the gas unfroze because of the warm liquid. The vodka would keep the gas liquid because of liquors lower freezing point.

It was getting dark, so we made a fire and used the truck and blanket to keep in the heat like a tent. In the morning we drove for a few miles and then we came across a gas station, so we got more gas and continued until about noon. We reached Kolobrzeg and the salty sea air filled our noses. We were relieved by how close we were to freedom.

After parking the car we went into the town. Morris and I went and filled the gas cans and added the vodka to mix in so it wouldn't freeze. Meanwhile, Gita and the two boys went and got some vegetables, because we haven't had any since the beginning of our trip. She also bought some honey, a true treat.

Morris and I made it back to the truck before Gita and the boys, knowing that we couldn't go to Ustka in a troop carrier. We needed a civilian car to blend in. So before Gita and the boys return we went out to steal a car. After 20 minutes we saw a car with a window mistakenly left down, and it was also left next to road leading back. Not one to waste time, I reached into the car and opened the door after I brushed the snow off the

seat and got to work. Opening the panel under the steering wheel I located the relays and soon the one for the fuel injector-- and glow plugs-- because it was a diesel car. After connecting the glow plug wires to heat up the engine I connected the fuel pump wires. Morris gave the car a push and the engine started to run. He hopped in and we went back to the troop transport. When we got back Gita and the boys were there so we had dinner: preserves on bread with some cabbage. After we hid the car we stole in deeper into the woods and we all went to sleep.

In the morning, Morris was the first one up, and so when I woke he had moved all of their stuff and two rifles along with some MRE(Meals Ready to Eat). Once everyone ate we took the gas cans from the truck and filled the one in the car. Taking my knife I went under the truck and cut into the fuel tank and the gas flowed out and into the can once the tank was depleted the can was almost full. We climbed in the car and we were on our way to Ustka where we would go to the USA from.

We traveled for two days-- probably over 80 miles. When we saw the harbor in Ustka we all were happy. We went to the the port and found the building that were selling the ticket for the ship the *olympic* to the U.S.A. For each adult it was 120 dollars and for every kid it cost \$60, so the trip would cost \$420 for Morris, Gita, the two boys and me.

I handed the ticket seller our passports and other papers to allowed us to leave Poland from my bag that were in there even though i didn't see them until we got to Kolobrzeg. Thought when I took out the money for the boat I gave him \$360 and then the same dizzy feeling came over me. When I got here, the port spun turned and

twisted and I was back in the darkness, although though there were a few differences I was still wearing the backpack and holding the money. So carefully I put it away then I saw a similar light though this time it was red and it was flickering. Like before, I swam I reached it, though this time it was not a light bulb. It was a menorah. I touched the silver Jewish star and held on.

I blacked out again and when I woke up. First everything was white and then green and blue. After a few second everything suddenly snapped into focus and I was on the skyride at the zoo with my school bag and the bag from 1938. Once I got off, I reached into my pocket it was still 9:06 AM not a minute has passed. I called my parents when I got off, and before I could say anything I got dizzy again and instead of going to the void I got teleported to my dad's office and fell unconscious in front of him. After he woke me up, I told him about my weird trip and showed him my bag. Still to this day, I don't know what caused this time travel ability. Well, at least I am going to school on time!

We Could Use Some Whisky

By: Daniel Tixer

Monday morning was like any other day, hot and dry. I'm resting in my bed watching Netflix, a new movie in my recommendations list has really caught my attention, "The Siege of Jadotville" a story about Irish Commandant Pat Quinlan as he leads a stand off with his troops against French Mercenaries and Congan Soldiers in the Congo during the early cold war. After watching all the way up to the end of the first battle. It had mentioned to be a true story and after some light research I had found out it was. I fell asleep and woke up midday and I thought about how I missed breakfast. Then a crazy laugh, not like anything I've ever heard, it sounded more animalistic, it scared the crap out of me. Then the ground underneath me starts moving and I'm being dragged by my collar, my shirt ripping, and a gunshot rings out. I jumped up startled outside my house, as the sun seems to fade to darkness. I try to go back into my house but my door is locked. My mind was racing, from thinking it was a weird dream mixed with a little sleep walking, to an extreme dream within a dream. But that all went away when I stubbed my toe.

The next morning I'm stuck thinking about that night, and how crazy it was, and how my shirt still had dried dirt and a tear in it. I brushed it off and just went back to watching The Siege of Jadotville and saw the scene that I had in my dream... "That's odd, why did I dream about something I haven't seen before..." I headed into the kitchen still trying to wrap my head around what had happened.

"Good morning Mom."

"Good morning Daniel, take your medication."

“Yeah yeah I got it-” as I grab a water bottle from the fridge everything fades around me.

My mom is gone and I’m back in this dry grassy area only with my boxers on. I look up to find myself stuck in the middle of a battlefield surrounded by both an Irish and an African, forces on both sides of the field, just as I look up a gunshot rings out and blood rushes down my forehead and into my eye I collapse to the hardwood floor,

“AHHHHHHH SON OF A BITCH!”

“Daniel what happened!”

“I just got fucking shot!”

“Yeah right, then where were you “shot”?” she says cleaning up the wound on my head. I turn around to see my blood splattered all over the wall, I pointed at it to my mom as I explained to her what had happened to me the night before and about the movie. She doesn’t believe me at all... but after doing some research I knew what I needed to look like, to not be shot at by the UN soldiers, and what I needed incase I was shot after years of saving up to add a bathroom to my back unit. I had enough money to purchase all the supplies that I needed, they didn’t cost much, medical supplies proper military gear, backpack, clothing, and even patches I found on Ebay for the third infantry battalion. I made specifically sure that I had water and food Incase I stayed long. Luckily everything had arrived on the same day, making sure I was geared up and ready to go! Though for some reason, nothing happened... I started to laugh, realizing how foolish I had been to believe that this would even happen, wasting away my money in the process. Though I was still vastly confused on the still aching bullet

hole I seemingly received recently. I moved to go get a snack out of pity for myself, suddenly out of the blue everything was gone and replaced by a small area of buildings surrounded by a field.

I searched around myself, finding myself in the middle of a field outside of a mediocre looking city. In the corner of my eye I spotted a military encampment. Sneaking into a sparsely manned outpost I managed to grab an American looking pistol, a big rifle with a handle, mags for both, and a few grenades. I managed to sneak up to the biggest building in the unwallled compound I peaked around it to see both sides aimed at each other. I saw two men talking in the field and I knew what was happening. Around this time the Congan force tried to force the Irish to surrender, but after it failed they set a trap and fired their mortars. I inched my way closer to who I hoped was Hegarty from the movie I faintly remember, because he would notice the trap and be blinded by a mortar. The ambulances flooded into the field, remembering they were setting the trap I waited maybe ten seconds before he looked through his binoculars and realized what was about to happen.

“Boss! Boss! It’s a trap!” he yelled and then he started running. Though after a few steps, the place where he once stood had been decimated and he was thrown onto the floor. He stumbled past the trenches as I rushed towards him, grabbing him and pulling him into the trenches, I pushed him in jumped in after. At the time no one cared about me or who I was so I got up and returned fire waiting for the battle to end.

"First person shooters don't fail me now" I whispered to myself, remembering the quote from the movie "Breathe! Squeeze! Kill! Breathe again!" I had fired a shot from my rifle though the recoil had caught me off guard but I was determined to continue my steady rate of fire. reloading the rifle had been a pain but I eventually figured it out even with the deafening mortars going off around us. A series of explosions went off in the distance and pillars of flames rise up above the trees. The battle had ended relatively quickly, though the bombing seemed to last an eternity. As the mercenaries retreated I didn't really have a plan to be here longer than the battle so when soldiers started to notice me I transitioned from fear to becoming much more nervous. The one I remembered to be Pat Quinlan had approached I studied him, noticing how much taller than me he was, making him all the more imposing.

"Who the feck are you?" He aggressively questioned.

"Private Tixier from the third infantry battalion sir!"

"Yeah right."

"Pardon?"

"Four things that give you away. Your grey and black shoes, your American accent, how you guessed I'm the CO, and you look sixteen! So what in bloody hell are ya doin here boy?!?"

"No sir I'm just here trying to help."

"What is your name kid?" He asked

"Daniel Christopher Tixier" I replied

"Well Daniel, unless you know when our reinforcements are coming, you can't help us." "Your whiskey isn't comi-" Remembering how he mentions wanting whiskey on the radio and how he read military strategy books

"What did you say?" He snapped back

"Your reinforcements aren't coming but with the books you read your men will survive."

"Come over here." He says as he walks away, "Where are you from?" He asks "San Diego California sir"

"When were you born?"

"Um well"

"Don't lie to me now."

"August fifth two thousand three..."

"That's forty two years away do you have anything to prove your story?"

"Uh I have an iPhone."

"What, like a phone in your eye?" He asks as I ruffle through my backpack to show him,

"Haha no it's a mobile phone that's just named iPhone." I show him it and the date that it is stuck on without service.

"Monday April eighth two thousand nineteen? How did you get here then, and where did you get those clothes?"

"I have no idea and a store?"

"Do you know what's going to happen to my men?"

"Yes but I can't say much because it might cause other things to happen but your men will live through this." He stubbornly marched away, seemingly in disbelief about what I told him. I didn't blame him though, I wouldn't believe myself either given the outrageous facts I gave him. The rest of the day was peaceful, dead silent besides the occasional groans of the injured few originating from inside the main building. Night came and mortars went off all around us

"They're trying to go for the ammo hut!" A soldier screamed, we rushed to the hut and got as much munitions and ammo out as we could before it was destroyed by the Congo Militia. After that there was only dead silence in the night, most likely the soldiers were too exhausted and defeated from the day to do anything. In the morning the water was poisoned with a body. Quinlan is upset "Why didn't you tell me this was going to happen?!" "The Siege is only supposed to last six days!" "This is day six!" Just then gunshots go off in the distance, Quinlan yells for a radio and I prepare for another fight the battle blows by faster than any other. They retreat into the tree line as the sound of a jet engine roared over us as it's machine guns fired as people run for their lives as the jet leaves people are rushed to the medic. "You told me my men would be ok and now some of them are dying!" I can't change the past" we are walking out by the buildings I tell him that he should move to the right a little bit but he ignores me I start to push him a little bit my head is against his shoulder and I guess I lost track of where we were because a shot rings out and we fall to the floor he is shot in the shoulder and I lay in the dirt unable to move I only understand what happened when I

arrive home with the worst headache ever “ah crap” I mumble to myself as I’m covered in blood.

After cleaning up and washing off I’m now resting in bed waiting, waiting for something to happen but nothing. I’m just staring at my fan it’s only when I turn it on and feel the wind against my face get get faster and faster. I’m back but in a situation that no one wants to be in I’m in a helicopter it’s just taking off maybe thirty feet in the air as its back rotor is engulfed in a fiery explosion we then spin to the ground. I’m holding on for my life knowing when to let go as two soldiers fall out I let go and plummet and hit the ground with a thud the air is knocked out of me as the helicopter falls above me I’m dragged away as it crashes to the ground nearly slicing my legs off as the blades break on the dirt floor. I watch the pilots being rushed out of the helicopter as everything fade to black.

“Welcome back to the land of the living!” I turn to see Quinlan with a bloodstain on his shoulder of his shirt with a bullet hole torn into it,

“Sorry about the uh-” I sputter out still drowsy,

“Don’t be sorry you saved my ass,” he pauses “When you said everyone would leave alive you meant it right?”

“All UN troops here will. But you will have to surrender to save them all, trust me you’ll know when it’s over.”

“Ok... Thank you...”

He walks off to the radio

"Boss the radio is working fine they just aren't responding" the radio man states.

"Try again..." Quinlan tells him with a tone of frustration in his voice

He tries again with no response

"They can hear us boss..."

"Sir!" A soldier yells from outside "You need to see this!"

We run out to see what's happening as a thousand of african soldiers rush us from down the hill and set up for the final battle,

"If they get close enough to hand to hand we're fucked!" Quinlan states,

He picks up a casing from the floor I watch as ideas rush through his mind,

"Gather up all the shells! Put the rest of our explosives in the chapel and the outer houses stack them up against the south facing walls! Man your trenches until they get too close!"

His men rush past us, running back and forth moving explosives, setting the primers, and gathering shells and setting them in the buildings. As we had finished setting up we the smell of sweat and body odor filled the air.

As they charge us from the hills everyone tenses up as the explosives are mixed into the shells. As they get too close men fall back trench by trench. Until they are in between the buildings their shouting grows as they approach guns firing.

"Now!" Quinlan screams above everyone

The buildings burst into dust as the explosive roar silences everyone within it, I watch as shells pierce through the bodies of soldiers. Before the dust settles we rush through the cloud grabbing whatever guns we can that had ammunition and regained the land we had lost. Running over bodies riddled with holes. I managed to grab a submachine gun, looked like echo's sidearm from rainbow six siege, as slid into the trenches. As every soldier fires at the approaching troops a loud jet roars above.

"Platoon fall back!" The 2nd in command screams as everyone climbs out of the trenches and they run as the jet approaches,

"Gorman!" He yells at the only soldier who is still in the trench,

"Get the fuck out of that trench!" They turn and run in a full sprint as the jets machine guns fire in two straight lines around the 2nd in command dust flies up as the rounds hit the dirt. He dives as the rounds start to pass him kicking up clouds of dirt, the jet pulls up and flies off as he runs to take cover.

As the enemy troops surround us i know that i need to go

"Hey Quinlan it's time for me to go, good luck and don't worry youll be out in a month or two!" I say as I slide my pistol into my mouth and pull the trigger as everything fades to black tasting the blood, dirt, and gunpowder mixture in my mouth.

I wake up feeling the familiar cold concrete and brick patio mixed with and unfamiliar warm liquid feeling.

"UGH! I don't think I'll ever get used to this EVER." I mumble to myself as I sit up out of my puddle of blood. The nausea hit me harder than the bullet, as I felt my

stomach shoot up into my throat. I tried to keep it down but was only able to choke myself causing a painful vomit filled cough. Coughing up my blood, bone fragments, and the shell casing. The pain came slow and steady first my stomach and up through my neck. I rest in my bed feeling the pain as I look up the history hoping I didn't change anything seeing as nothing has changed in the history of the battle and everything past it. I hop on HBO GO and continue watching Game Of Thrones as I slowly does off waking up and feeling the ice cold snow on my back "Winter has come". I jump up,

"NO GOD DAMMIT NO!!!" Jumping up out of my bed covered in ice feeling the cold air looking around staring at the walls within my room looking at the ac above me noticing how it spits out ice.

"Oh thank god" I mumble to myself as I slowly fall into back into my bed as everything fades to dark as I get lost within my dreams.

Time stuck in a bottle

By: Jaden Edwards

I'm in my bed watching T.V. and my phone starts to ring. I ignore the call, Buzz buzz, the phone rings again, I pick up this time. It's my friend Carl from work. "Why are you calling me?," I questioned. He was going on about his project that he's been working on for years. Nothing he really said interested me until I heard. "I made a time machine," Carl said. "I made a time machine that can take you back to any time you want," Carl said with hesitation.

So at this point, I think he's going crazy but something's that he does make millions. "I'm on my way to the laboratory right now," I said. So I get in my "2018 ferrari 488 GTB" and get my ass to my destination. 10 minutes later, almost to the laboratory. I get a call, it's from Carl. I pick the phone "I'm almost there, why did u call?" I said. I was on the phone for a while before he hung up on me. I was wondering why he called me and said nothing. "Maybe he just butt dialed me" I thought to myself. 5 minutes later I arrived at the laboratory. There was a bunch of police and S.W.A.T people there too. So I rushed to the laboratory door but a cop stopped me before I could open the door. "Sorry but this place is off limits" said the officer. So at this point I'm looking around for clues and asking people what happened here but no one would tell me. In till someone grabbed me by my neck and mouth and dragged me to the other side of the laboratory. "Look don't say anything ok" said the mysteries person. I nod my head in shook as the mysteries figure takes his hands of me. I get up from the floor, "who are you" I asked. The dark figure didn't say anything before it (mysteries figure) started to walk toward a sewage pipe that surprisingly lead to the laboratory. "Come on

before they find out this passage” said the mysteries figure. So I followed them through the underground passage to the laboratory, it stunk like bags of shit and more shit. Finally we made it to the science lab at the bottom of the laboratory. “Hurry up and stay quiet or they’ll catch us” said the mysteries figure. I was looking around while we were walking and everything was out of place, the chairs, tables, computers, and PEOPLE!!

People where on the ground covered in blood and knives that looked like they were wooden. “What the fuck happened here?” I asked. We walked for a while until it gave me an answer “ok my name is James and something went wrong with project 317” said James. Project 317(which means the time machine in code) is the project Carl was working on. “Carl was missing when we got to the project” said James we got to the sector where the time machine was. When we got there, two men with guns strapped on them were investigating the machine. “What are we going to do now there are two men in our way” I asked. As I was looking around and thinking of a plan I found a m9 on the table. “I got the left you got the right guy” said James then ran toward the guard. So I ran to grab the gun on the table before the guard saw me. So I grabbed the gun and before the guard had time to react and grab his gun, I hit him. Three shots to the body then he dropped dead to the floor.

I looked to my left and James was finished choking out his target and I watched as the guard took his last breath, reminding me of my time as a navy seal, killing, shooting, punching people. But that’s beside the point. I looked at James with question

on what we're supposed to do next. "My threare is that he got sucked into the time machine when he turned it on" James said. "I'm going to turn on the machine and your going to go in and find Carl and bring him back". So he keep going on about how it works and stuff, he told me that he had already backed a bag full of supplies that I would need to survive. "Listen one thing that you need to know is to act the timeline your in" he said. At this point I'm really confused on what's happening. "Will I be ok going through" I said as he turned on the time machine. He didn't answer which really made me worried that I was going to die. "Well I'm done turning on the machine so it's time for you to get in" he said with excitement. he grabbed the leather bag and handed it to me and pushed me toward the machine. "What are you coming with me" I said. As soon as I said that he stopped and looked at the ground like he was in a deep sorrow that I never seen before from anyone.

I felt nervous going in on my own but if it's to save my bestfriend from death then I'll do anything to help. "Ok so your going to feel a little bit dizzy and nausea and then your going to be there in an instant" James said. I got into the machine with concern if I was going to die in the machine but I was also confident because it worked with carl. "Wait what timeline I'm I going to". "I don't know but your going to have a loincloth to wear sooo" James said with laughter. I'm thinking a fucking loincloth, a stupid ass loincloth. You want me to wear a fucking loincloth, I'm going to be balls free fucking winging it dude. "Look it's going to be high tech" said james. A fucking hightech loincloth, like if that makes it fucking cooler. " just kill me now" I said. "Stop

being a little girl and get ready in 3..2..1.. Lift off” James said as I got dizzy. I get dizzy for a while and fall asleep and !!BOOM!! I wake up in this forest of green with a lake of blue surrounded with hot ass sand, so I was probably somewhere on a tropical island. then I immediately noticed that I don’t have my bag with me. So I look around for a good while and to my surprise I find it stuck in a really tall ass tree. “How the fuck am I supposed to get up there” I thought. I look around for an idea until I hear people talk and there heading my way.

So I hided, I hide because I don’t know if I'm well come here and I still need to blend in with people. But I don’t know who to blend in as, So I foolishly get up from my spot and look around for who was talking. As I was looking I found three brown males that appear to be wearing the same loin cloth that James gave me. But for some reason I couldn’t pick out what they were saying, I didn’t know if there were speaking another language or if I couldn’t hear them clearly because we were pretty far away from each other. They looked like they were fishing with wooden spears and bows, they had a basket to put the fish that they caught in and knives to gut them. As I watch them fish for a while I noticed in the corner of my eye that my bag was slipping from the branch that it was hanging from. If it were to fall from that height it would make a big sound and the people fishing would hear it. I didn’t want to expose my location to be compromised, So I quickly run towards the tree as fast as I can and try to do some odell beckham shit and pray to god that I catch the bag as I closed my eyes.....*thoump* the sound of the bag made a large sound. Alaming me to run I open my eyes slowly and the

bag was on the ground."oh shit...oh shit...oh shit" I said panicking. I grabbed the bag and ran...i ran and ran and ran as fast as I could, not even looking back if they heard me I just had this feeling of fright down my spine so I ran.

Time has passed by since I ran I haven't seen anyone in 30 minutes, I setting up camp in seemingly an empty cave pondering to myself if anyone noticed me while I was running through the forest. My mind was focusing on how I could find Carl and not get myself killed at the same time. I grabbed a fire starter from my bag and a few shrubs from outside and the leftover chicken I found outside dead on the ground and made dinner then went to bed. Next morning I wen....*crunch*. "What the hell was that" I said. I pick up my machete from the tent and slowly head toward the entrance of the cave. *crunch* *crunch* *crunch*. I listen to the sound of the rocks getting stepped on by something outside as I get closer to the cave entrance. *crunch* it keeps getting louder and louder as I get close to the entrance. I finally get to the entrance and peek my head on the side of the cave. PEOPLE!!!

There outside the cave with bows and spears probably ready to kill me. "What are they doing up here, there's nothing up here for you guys to do or see". The fright in my voice scared me more than them because I never been scared in my life not even as a kid, so this is all new to me. They stood there talking for a while, "oudon musksgkdsg lksgls sir ldgksngjk kfgu f fjbkdsfk mfdlfjg meowpqfv fhsk" they said. It was a weird language I couldn't figure out and they didn't seem to speak any english so I didn't

know what they're talking about or what they're planning to do up here but something that was on my mind is what made them come up here in the first place. "What did they notice..what is there suspension...why did they" I said in my head. Then it hit me, "**THE FIRE**...the f*cking fire". I looked behind me and saw the faint light of the fire still going. "Damn I forgot to put out the fire last night and that's probably how they found me". I thought how I was going to get them to leave until. *screams* loud screams from the village. I looked straight ahead of me, smoke..smoke..smoke...smoke from fire. !!BOOM!! Something wasn't right.

The people outside ran away from my cave and was probably heading toward the village, sadly my stupid ass was too curious to not follow them, so I foolishly did. I ran back into my cave and grabbed my bag with my machet in my left hand and ran to follow the village people. I was hardly able to follow as they ran and zipped through the forest, we arrived to a village that had fire and cannonball all over them. "What the f*ck happened here" I said in a deep voice for some odd reason. *screams from behind* I run toward the scream and find dead bodys on the floor covered in blood. I run through some odd bushes and find a teenage girl with a gun to her face, so the only thing I could was help. I grabbed the man and disarmed the gun from his hand and cracked his leg.. Bent his arm and snapped his neck then he died. "Thank you..thank you" the girl said. "Wait you can speak english" I said. She screamed. "Look out behind u" she said. *thoump* I stopped, this sudden pain in my body around my chest area was preventing me to move. I looked down at my torso and there was a tip of a arrow

head in it. My mind stopped in disbelief and my body shut down from all the blood loss and pain I was in, all I could hear was “you should of stayed in your time instead of looking for me” said the similar voice. All I saw was a black leather coat made out of and then I blacked out.

I woke up in hut made out of shrubs. “Where the hell am I” I said with pain in my voice. Two females were standing next to me with these large bucks of water and cloth. I was calm for a while before I notice that there still was a GIANT ARROW IN MY CHEST!!!! Blood ran down my stomach and pain immediately hit me with I looked at the arrow and I watched them do absolutely nothing. “What are you people doing, help me out here” I said with anger. “They can’t do anything to you in that state your wound is to deep if we pull the arrow out you will start to bleed fast and you already lost a lot of blood as it is, so we're kind of stuck in a situation, we need some kind of herb to stop the blood from coming out” said the girl from before. I was going to tell her to go through my bag, but then I started to get dizzy and fell asleep. I wake up with the light blinding my vision, “ wait that’s not the sun” I looked at the light and it seemed to be electronic. I was back in my world with know blood or arrow in my torso. I was home.

DEDICATIONS

For our Ancestors, thank you so much for bearing the pain so we wouldn't have to. Thank you for going through these tragic events to make sure that we could wake up safe in the morning, even if you couldn't. Even with the problems of society we see today, you saw the worst of it. Yet you happened to dodge genocide, plagues, mass killings, and disasters time and time again. So to our ancestors, we say thank you.

- Your Descendants

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